

my pud

seven is the only poem

the only poem is seven
(strawberry dirt tongue)

groundundergroundtunnellow low low low

the swan on the low the low-licked seventh son soun sun soin soie swan

the sound so

𐀀𐀀𐀀𐀀𐀀𐀀𐀀𐀀

β'√'x 7 & unfinite, so

a great goose egg on the tongue
teeth of the seven-swan son
seventh me suivres

the pin of the moon to the swings of the (aero)planes

death

,

:

zero

i built this house and made it bad
it's just people wearing anything

list

me in leather, whapped, lapping milk from the cup of the lord

the gold, the black, the man
suckles the braid
you slit the throat of your offering

i'm so human babe, believe me

failure on the staircase
is just heaven so quick
the devil can't take //

space satan aria

bright circle upon me
well, the quality
doesn't ever improve

yr kink and my
cross , flip it

yeah, tigre knows the rules

they are close up, rattling
berry small against
the body the wind
in my hair again

with the sun on my drunk junk
i will laugh like a beached
sailor

a small clear jelly dumpling boat,

i was raised to forget about the flower u put in my hair

uhn-Huhn hones it

who do you are

i am dog-digging in the

clung silt

crusty

i wake up my

neurons

fire

very! loudly!!!! they go: POP! POP! /: and it cracks

i fear, no, i realize un-

gently she *lacks texture*



my brain is a gun sofast; well,

my brain is a big bright hillofsand

i give you a lush kiss & my body

tries2 wake up

ah! but my arm is a graveyard

let's baby the pony

let's drink all this wine,

watch me! (i can't) open

my throat (but i'll try) (any

thing) (twice) (to show you)

(i would) (god i hope) (i'm not) (lying)

holdyrheadup

once i died
on the cross of the game
called *You Will Be
Cruel and I Will Be*
Sweet in my life
howsoever
it now numbers
i will not

the worst disappointment was when he called me
The Red Woman, he said, "no, it's different with you,
you're The Red Woman"

rot to the heart,
this, my
but still we laid the, this
my body down

edelweiss, you look happy to me

i'm a traitor to all of my kind

the mouth widens and widens
hold on, slugger
ain't you gonna never
wanna already HADDA
leave your boots on
while you die?

look at me, foal slick
with the fuzz of want—No!
only the bleary eye or eyes
i yawn open tomorrow
(i yawn, tomorrow opens)

everyone is tall and happy and cool and in love
look you now
look
look
look
look, i think,uh
definitely yes

the slop of tomorrow sways in:

the pendulous eggsac
of the heartsick universe

while, yes i try, but unlike my comrade i find
no joy in transgression, it's just
my stupid little home

my silter
my cistern
the silk-lain way

time for a nother paradox: the horse the moon the loon the horse the moon and the loon the
horse the noon and the loon the lock the cry the loon the lock the cry the loon the block they
cry i crash ten bottles over my own head in succession

crash crash crash crash crash crash crash crash crash crash

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

i never, almost never, mostly almost never, almost rarely never
pass from the leaving blood

sicky

thinking too much about teeth, too much about them and melts, chalky orange treats, a couple times a day. willing the hair to grow long (it doesn't). seeing the true face and smearing it with oil. twice is off-kilter but emphatic enough. why did i only know the little grooves for what they were not what they are? the temporal inefficacy of chapstick's your little strings of skin – nothing is love but being taken care of and that ain't nice. i am fevered: i am taking to the bed. eat the moldberry, baby – it's the same but greener and whiter and bluer and sweeter

list

i hate you like i hate the government
i hate you (i still want
your protection)

from thread from sew

i am ready to drench my
body in texts

the sun is a piece of parchment

i am trepidatious but sacred

if you have wine on your hands
wipe your wine hands on your thighs
and wash neither.....

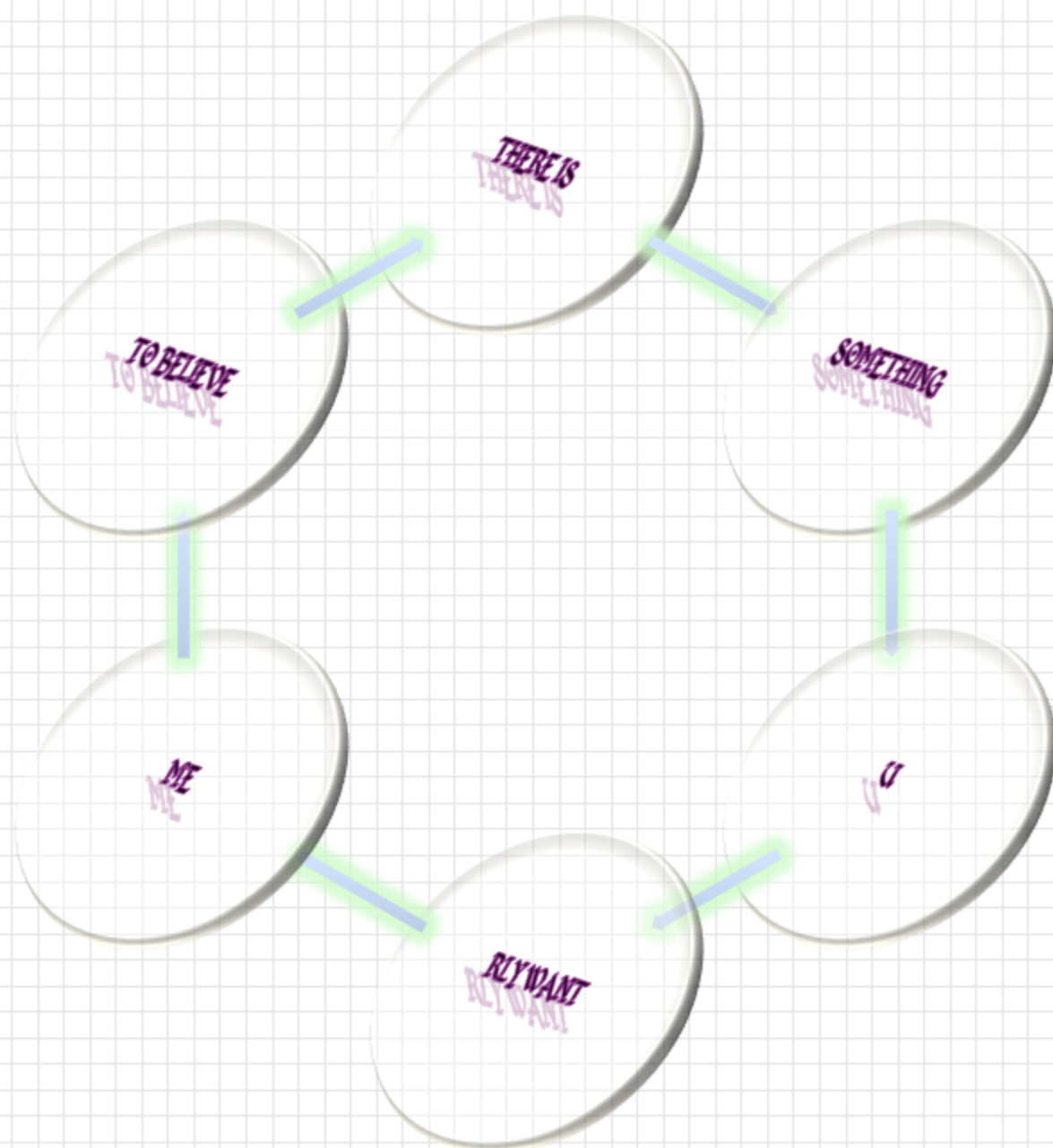
.....never let water
touch an inch of your skin if it's on you

you're looking like an angel

and i like your clothes

count me among your possessions

i'll wait right here



edam

there's a clever plastic piece on you to take off your skin
in a spiral

i call your flesh babybel when
i open it::it reminds me
of a red wax rind

you are always on the go
and ready for anything

too bad you aren't buttery

rinds, baby
a ring
and a rind pile
palm it and
put it
in your sleeve

you treasure

i offer my hand and you slap
my face as agreed

a lot of the time you are fine but it feels the same as when you aren't

i have to
stop prodding my sad lil
tum when i see the russians
because everyone thinks i am
a russian which means i
am a homely peasant russian,

bent

i want the burn cream
i want the towels
i want to eat someone-
's placenta okay
i need nutrients

what difference does
it make? clothes
on or off

i ruined us when we were children
and i hardly remember it

erotic lacks of safety?
, right? where's ours?

i want to have a seizure in front of you

asleep on the dial as
leep on the corner of ev
everything
i want to make my grand
moth
er a sun clock

(scaled-up clocks, quarter clocks, things of the sweep of the speed of the arm)

the fool is the heart in human shape
fletch the tongue so it tickles
a feather is a
milky barb

i am so beautiful i can't leave the building
i'm ready, i'm ready to peel off all my skin, so
hmm.....peel a grape for me?

step off the edge of the world → *WOOSH!*
if you were the right kind of murderer you'd be able
to open a crack in the LA river

i miss noir and
i miss sanitized dirt

never mind about your daddy!
i've got some super ideas

the pirates were the only non-strikers
13-12
we want enough blood to question god, please

“to help in a subordinate capacity”

candlelight automatically makes the body
warmer, i --- — — — —————stumble to the brook with my hands
to the treeline//i tempt ye gods in my brindle
i lick, i will lick everything, happy
as a mutt

sthluuurpuh! ding!

we don't take
chances anymore

in this hand
you a goblet, hey
down on my knees

i know a place we can go and
get electrocuted... .. *wanna?*

loss is a part of it
let's trade who holds the list

if you think that's erotic

i think you're easily tricked

you can't groom the text with a body like that

TEH-DEEE-EE!?? CUH'MON !!
pls o pls don't shoot the ponies!
be a killer we can trust!

the nosebleed of waking/
the nosebleed of sleep

nope, nah, they're Not the same thing

list

clotted cream
A Ram's Face

permit me melt
shut the errant
floodgate of his tongue

vox, vox
bunny luvr
whispered tepidly

i don't know if it's worse
to be or not be your
stout wool sock you beg
me to lie for once and i put my face
in the dirt at your feet and cry until
there's mud

look at me, lying,
the punisher,
look at me i'm
weak

wincing away from camp like rolling down the big hill like singing ladeedahdeedah like
whether you chew which part of your ballpoint pen like everything is a grave if you're always
dead or like not if you are dead but unburied but like you're still walking around like
there is a kind of sleeve that sparks my soul
i'm reading about mikhael, my softest book

madness lives in each suit
i know that's not really what you meant

tunneler

pretty plain

i love jesus very much
which settles me in my origins
which are fell and beamish
and when i say my prayers at night
i ask for diminished self awareness

i'm a hologram of a lunargram
i am two places and several technologies

did you ever concretely decide
you like it?

i can see you shredded this root across its center
the smallest action is rending and from there we'll see

welcome to the brutish hour
am i my landscape i run through
i leave you this time gently mauled

like, ever?

i convince myself of swanlike characteristics
i call it my special blindness
and am proud so proud of its berth

the best thing that ever happened is when we watched the sun drown in the handsome sea

i realize that the self-

negation impulse to which i
am lain low
inhibits

ANYWAAY, SO it seems you would have me as

your ^{god}god and so i swear

upon my
blood, which cannot die ^{but, which}

can run to be a ^{very good}

god^{god} and hold you to my marble

pectitty, who so milk

less

LITERALLY *my capacity
for empathy **specifically**
and **exclusively**
TOWARD PEOPLE WHO
FIND ANYTHING OF OR
IN ME DESIREABLE &
WORTHY*

|

as to mimic ^{nothing so cool as the body that}

thieves the milk

of perpetuity from the teat of which i have chewed off from me and spat in the

heap to reverse the flow of the milk to make me the milk, my godbody

solid milk a rich thicc slab cut to resemble you, if you must

myself of myself i commend unto thee

if i hit you i'll be sure

we have communicated, mortal

mine

HOW'S MY
DRIVING?

al is red all is reed

we crash the boat

in the snow when it snows

on the water

you mimic what i want to feel so

i claw out my eyes and put them on toothpicks

and put those toothpicks with my eyeballs on them

on a plate of other spherical and gelatinous non-eyeball

foods in the dark that i know you will sneak from the plate

i want you to eat them but i don't want you to feel bad about it

so i'm taking the risk that you might eat a grape

or a tapioca ball instead in the dark

one eyeball in the trash

one in a Tupperware in the fridge

for three weeks and then the garbage

you know how it is

i look around for my gunner

no wait i am he, i am sunning myself

on the deck it's easy

to forget your gun in the sun

get wiggy

suck an egg

you spot and pick up

my runic member

drop it, buster!

i didn't mold that too!!!

i can feel with my hand the difference between 62.5 g and 67 g

but i'm still having trouble with 64 g

also, you can see and feel where it got stuck coming out

the ring of contraction

lumpyside go

list

a thing without seams is despotic

a very good hologram still lacks density

***this ended up not being true but i thought it would be**
don't you worry bout
it, a thing!
hey from
the scumsucking,
bowl-licking dyke
transbian you know
but i'm glued
to my bed in a glue mousetrap
but me-sized; ;if i move i will flay myself

i think it will be in our mutual best interest to
dispense with my theoretical bottomlessness

i'll fuck you
up the way
bad construction
paper pills, stains nice
art pens – i'm tacky and
i hate me :-D peep the reference

slick rotcored monkeydog brained intelligencer, passer
of stones; child
of unequals
lordy lou the state of denmark

you forget, but i paid
you to say

peggy whitson will
have been in space
for 666 days*, it's future perfect perfect

holeface friedrice

all dumbs are nt blond

/e

ver

so verso look atme w the head

lights of yur surfboard, champ

(as

in be longing

to u plus aussi what u

r ,,

'm a column too old too touch but if u cld eat it as old sea

life—tasting g d, bcmng go-

d) caul thcc ah-rownd u

can u hr the urs bcmng fire

xan u hr the the space a' my command

... ?

hel ver, hel ver, hel ver thcc simully

2 /v u is 2 b prt uv u

—biutiful strngr—

mdnA

bubuhduhda-da-da-d-da-dah-dah-daDah-DAAAh!!!

BIUTIHFull StrA-ane-dzhurrr-uhr

everytime i look at the pict

ure of a rabit drinking from a teacup next

to two up/one down or one up two down my brain snuggles

into the grave like a pup

nose rolling over toe 2 a headbutt

, neckshoulder rockinhorsed down side

spin butt last circls on to the back

look together to the straight cistern

the brahd stroke of the hand held by a wave

...?i?? i' don't kno wut to TELL U

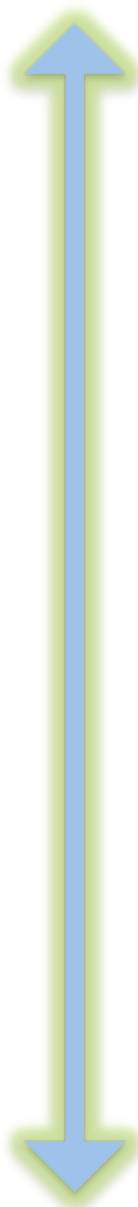
OK oK yAh ths right ths wut i sed

on the top of my list

is i dare myself to piss on sumthing

feel right as rEin 4 the rest ov myFUCKInglyfFE

not being one



not	being	one
being	one	not
one	not	being

not being one
 being

 one
not

 being

 one
not

 being

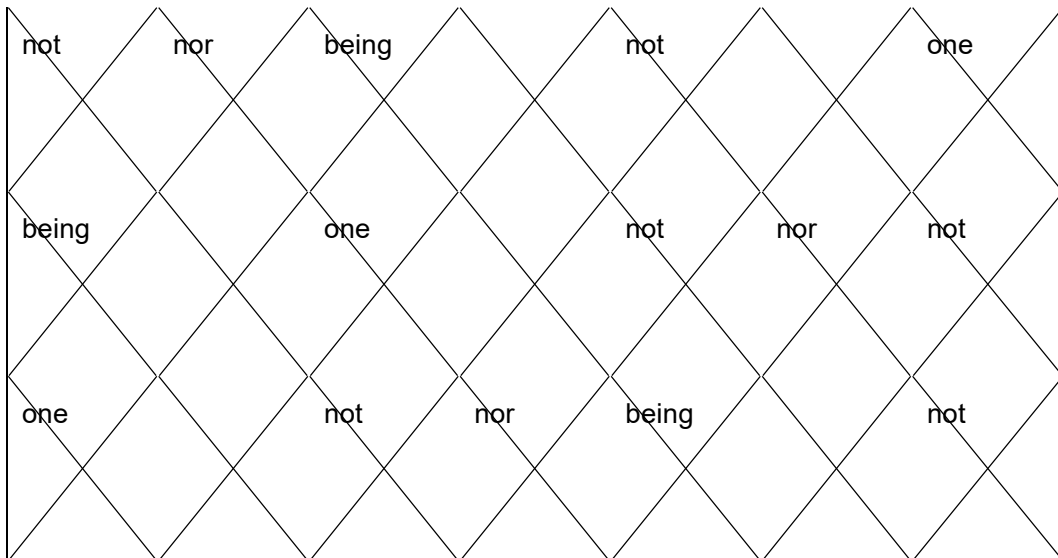
 one
not

 being

 one
not

being

what???



list

somewhere like Cincinnati, OH is where all the hard tack went

come to me my suckle-biscuit, show me the meaning of haste

lynx, lyra, mensa, microscopium

we are bounded by physical and astronomical principles
such as the gravitational constant, or, newton – $m^2 - kg^{-2}$ //
i will teach you to match L_{\odot} though you, like pluto
are now officially a dwarf planet – i love you for
historical reasons, with respect to the ecliptic //
there are more ways to measure time than just this /
the phases of the moon, the calendar, the clock
are riddled with imprecisions of the human mind
caught up in c g jung's interpretation of dreams /
here is my semimajor axis, here my sidereal year //
when i die will you offer me the coca leaf,
put my skull in a lantern? / i don't want to know
about the process // they tell me you're skilled
at identifying atoms by their light; they are mistaken,
kind of / the light must be brighter than me, the atoms
swifter // our sun, which we worship from time to time
is just at typical star with middling neon levels that spell out
COME EAT STICKY RICE FROM THE HAND OF A BLUE BABY GOD /
the iron-nickel core of the moon is getting drilled
to make my blood supplements – they're all-natural //
hydrogen weak, hydrogen even weaker but with strong
lines of metal in not canopus, but it's a stellar fusion /
here is the main sequence: the law does not work for
red giants or white dwarfs or ice cream sundaes
but antonia maury died in dobbs ferry, she's been
dead for a little less than a century, a little more than half //
there were no sparkly hippo stickers in the early universe
so thank god things have progressed since then //
i need someone smart to answer my damn question

you *could* choose to feel something else

don't leave
dog shit
in a freebox,
man

the ground reaches up to meet
your hand on the bough, shaking the concept of the natural
on which you depend

do me
in/justice
, words
cannot

the plastic bag slithering over my face
i often.end
poems w/:
haha hahahaha

**spread it
like it's
worth it**

i'm
standing
by the
dumpster
with it
out

i banged
his head
against
the
dumpster

alone/
together//
together,
neither
alone.

have you
sped me
thru the
hills?
uh huh uh
huh uh
huh

uh huh uh
just let
me

sweep
the gravel
from our
marriage
bed

i always
used to
swallow
to prove it
on my
hunger
now
nothing

the
wound if i
want
to, the
swell
and the
stain i'm
up,
swollen

honey
cares
some

to be
alive in
the mind
is an act
of
deletion

you are
the
drooling
angels
yet
shaking
my robe,
are they
the
quaking
good
neighbors
but giants
so
tectonic
that we're
dying

i am an
act of
deletion

it is so GOOD
here with that look
my eye on the hand
on the knife of my
lord's own wail
wrenching my
body from the face
my tongue from your
lippy ghost

the spot on your gun
the snot on the sun
it's mucus; yeah, you
know me

the sunny side of the
compound
for an hour in the
morning
it's the best
i can do

swamp you
a whole slick soft
lamb on the stones
a thick-hung
lepidopteran
tree. because we had
silk worms
i'm convinced that in
quantity
all powderwings smell
ruff-gnarly

i'm gone awry with the
quantity
my angel, i'll never
leave you
or you
or you
or you
or you
or you
or you
or you
or you

it's the soft
place to be i
cannot be

the knitted
lode
the roman
stones

tell me a
fucking secret
one about me
make it nice
and also true
convince me
now do it again

to paint blue
the underside
of the chin

they are so
tooth
some tonight

my yellowed
cave guardian
thick foams in
the unbloody
haven,

a box with no
button

it's the second
time this
evening

that i almost
choked myself
to death

ergo i am a
traincar forever

too busy
thinking about
their grin in my
car
to really be
upset

wrong

sweaty fiend
lick my buckle

if you must
tremble
do it on me
buzz live
over the com

we cut one
fine
escapade from
the
beast's back

the last time i
was in this
tower

i was also in
love
with my ticket
if nothing else

bitch i'm a
townie
bitch i will
knock
out your two
front teeth

i made my
debut at the
temple

one by one
the men are
licking my
boots
ooh *thematic*
and yah
all the girls are
screaming my
name all
together

while i look like
this even
though i look
like this

i say hello in
the full
flower of my
devotion
wearing
leather cuffs
on my ankles

it's a secret
just for me

bully me,
mister
in a dream i
think
i was cain

i hate to be
rude but i want
to paint myself
with these
fruits from a
plastic tub like
i could feel the
water as the
plastic cup//i
check you

(that's neon for
"yes") // i am
the glut of my
human
tongue//the
bronze age
was enough to
dice us up// on
the board of
the deck of the
ship we've
been lost since
Baby's Big
Day

from the divine
interlocutor i'll
brook no
occlusion
your hand
under my shirt
skirts the hem
of my money
belt
empty a binder
and full a real
set
i left it at home
but it followed
til i held it
which one of
me do you
own

"her" face in
the sky
*i try to tease
dimension
from it but
today it's just a
flat cap at a tilt
on the blue*

list

the costume shepherd's crook the iridescent star confetti the pastel confetti
that says baby the 8 ft gleam'n curtain to match the iridescent stars the cake
topper that's a carousel (the pink and green) the between pastel and primary
animal cage cake candle train the bells if they were better the green
stickyback monster eye which is 6 inches which is the size of my hand if i
curve it over + the 30 inch jumbo lantern the touch of color disposable cutlery
in my favorite pale purple the stardream envelopes in kunzite lapis lazuli
serpentine moss champagne and for once aquamarine, booklet and wallet but
none of the stickers for once

i'm still waiting i'm in the dugout where i ate my chicken mole probably a year
ago almost, 9 months, 5, whatever, this poem is the sequel to the poem i wrote
about that time i don't have any chicken now but the train's the most important

